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Dwight L. Moody

A BIOGRAPHICAL SERVICE
OF
STORY AND SONG




STORY BY
S. TREVENA JACKSON

MUSICAL EDITOR
I. H. MEREDITH

Tullar-Meredith
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A BIOGRAPHICAL SERVICE

OF STORY and SONG

Rev. Fred A. Brandt
East Bloomfield NY 9/22/17

Dwight L. Moody

Story by

S. TREVENA JACKSON



Musical Editor

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HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS

for the rendition of this service

The service is complete in itself. Begin promptly and eliminate as far as possible all preliminary exercises. The service can be rendered in about an hour and a quarter, more or less, according to the desire of the reader and choir master.

It can be simplified musically by omitting the more difficult selections. The length of the service may also be curtailed by singing only two verses of the hymns. In most instances this will be found sufficient to clinch properly the thought of the story.

By this method the service can probably be rendered in an hours time and the effect produced is likely to be more lasting than if a longer time were consumed in its rendition. Don't attempt to sing all of the music. Sometimes a single verse of a hymn will be found more effective than using the entire hymn.

The choir should begin promptly when the reader finishes. Omit all instrumental preludes and interludes. If possible begin all songs from the chord. The story and the songs should dovetail without wasting a moments time. The reader must study the story so as to properly bring out the thought expressed and create the spiritual impression desired, and the choir should exercise especial care in enunciating clearly and distinctly the words of the hymns. These are not hit or miss hymns but have been prepared especially for this service and their thoughts intertwine with those of the story. The success or failure of this service will depend on the care exercised in these matters. Properly rendered, the service should prove a source of spiritual blessing and uplift.

Dwight L. Moody

A Service in Story and Song

In Dundee over ten thousand persons gathered in the open air; at Glasgow nearly thirty thousand congregated at one time, and in London during four months over two and a half million persons attended the meetings which were conducted by Dwight L. Moody, who a few years before was a poor farmer's boy, but to whose feet ministers, statesmen and scholars of the highest degree were now gathered for inspiration and help. On returning to the country of his birth, people gathered eagerly by

tens of thousands to listen to this new preacher, who was as God's flaming torch burning with an anxious desire to win men from the pathway of sin and to turn them to a pardoning God.

Such a life should be ranked with that of Lincoln, and read into the lives of coming generations. He who has reached such summits of service leaves a heritage, fraught with eternal blessings for the improvement of humanity and is worthy of the love and esteem of the whole world.

A LIFE OF BLESSING.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

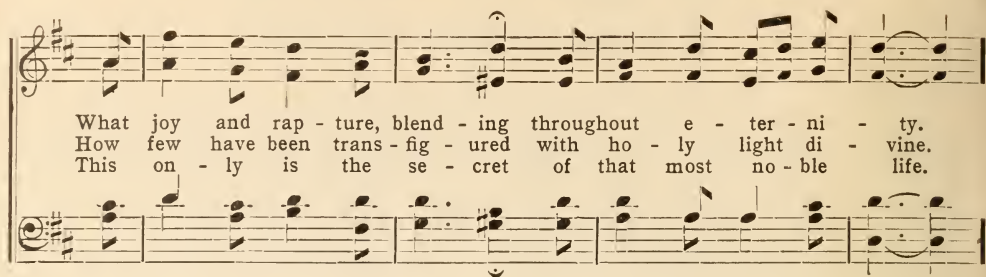
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I. H. MEREDITH.

1. To live a life of bless - ing, to do the Mas-ter's will,
2. To live a life of bless - ing, to spread His truth a - broad,
3. To live a life of bless - ing, with faith to do ones part,

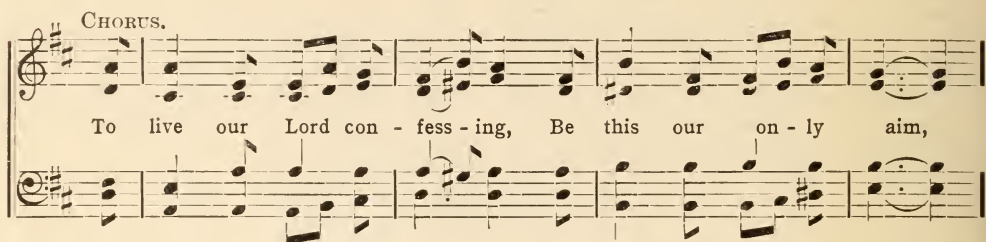
His gift of grace to of - fer, His mis - sion to ful - fil,
In ev - 'ry word and ac - tion, to serve and praise the Lord,
To of - fer at His al - tar, a con - se - cra - ted heart,

What glo - ry ev - er - last - ing a life like this would be,
How few have reached the sum - mit, where heav - 'nly splen - dors shine,
This on - ly is the spir - it that con - quers in the strife,

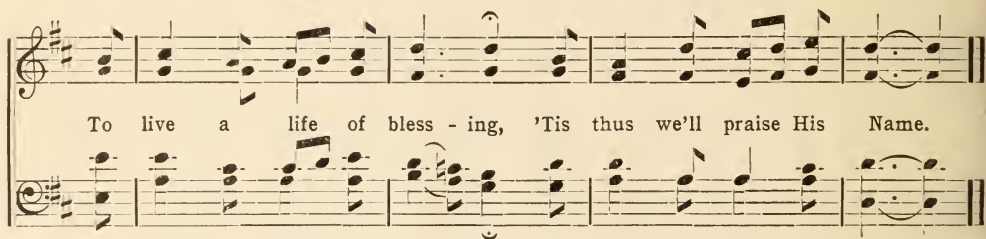


What joy and rap - ture, blend - ing throughout e - ter - ni - ty.
How few have been trans - fig - ured with ho - ly light di - vine.
This on - ly is the se - cret of that most no - ble life.

CHORUS.



To live our Lord con - fess - ing, Be this our on - ly aim,



To live a life of bless - ing, 'Tis thus we'll praise His Name.

In the year 1837, on the 5th of February, Dwight L. Moody was born, at East Northfield, Massachusetts. His home was a humble one near the way-side. The place of his birth was beautiful for situation. The river wound its way between the hills, while a lake nestled in poetic solitude near his home; just the place for this boy's brain to plan his future, and a spot where thousands should receive the education of which he in boyhood was deprived.

When he was four years of age his father, the sole support of the family, died. Nine children were left to be cared for by the industry of a frugal New England, God-fearing, Bible-loving, Sabbath-keeping, child-culturing mother. Dwight clung closely to his mother in her sorrow, and down to the time when she reached over ninety years of age she was still his precious one. When

he had reached his fame he tells this story of his mother's wonderful love:

"Perhaps there is no subject in the Bible that takes hold of me with as great force as this subject of the wandering sinner. It enters deeply into my own life. It comes right home into our own family. The first thing I remember was the death of my father. It was a beautiful day in June when he fell suddenly dead. The shock made such an impression on me, young as I was, that I shall never forget it. I remember nothing about the funeral, but his death has made a lasting impression upon me.

The next thing that I remember was that my mother was taken very sick. And the next thing that occurred in our family that impressed my young mind was that my eldest brother, to whom my mother looked up to comfort her in her loneliness and in great affliction,

become a wanderer—he left home. I need not tell you how that mother mourned for her boy, how she waited day by day and month by month for his return. I need not say how night after night she watched and wept and prayed. Many a time we were told to go to the post-office to see if a letter had not come from him. But we had to bring back the sorrowful words, “No letter yet, mother.” Many a time have I waked up and heard my mother pray: “Oh, God, bring back my boy.” Many a time did she lift her heart up to God in prayer for her boy. When the wintry gale would blow around the house, and the storm rage without the door, her dear face would wear a terribly anxious look, and she would utter in piteous tones, “Oh, my dear boy; perhaps he is on the ocean this fearful night. Oh, God, preserve him.” We would sit around the fire-side on an evening and ask her to tell us about our father, and she would talk for hours about him.

But if the mention of my eldest

brother should chance to come in, then all would be hushed; she never spoke of him but with tears. Many a time did she try to conceal them, but all would be in vain, and when Thanksgiving Day would come a chair used to be set for him. Our friends and neighbors gave him up, but our mother had faith that she would see him again. One day in the middle of summer a stranger was seen approaching the house. He came up on the east piazza and looked upon my mother through the window. The man had a long beard, and when my mother first saw him she did not start or rise. But when she saw the great tears trickling down his cheeks she cried, “It’s my boy, my dear, dear boy,” and sprang to the window.

But there the boy stood and said, “Mother, I will never cross the threshold until you say you forgive me.” Do you think he had to stay there long? No, no. Her arms were soon around him, and she wept upon his shoulder, as did the father of the prodigal son.”

THE CRY OF THE PRODIGAL.

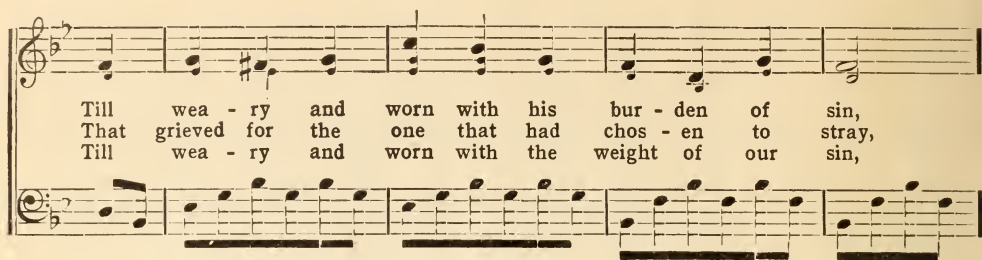
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EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.
SOLO AND CHORUS.

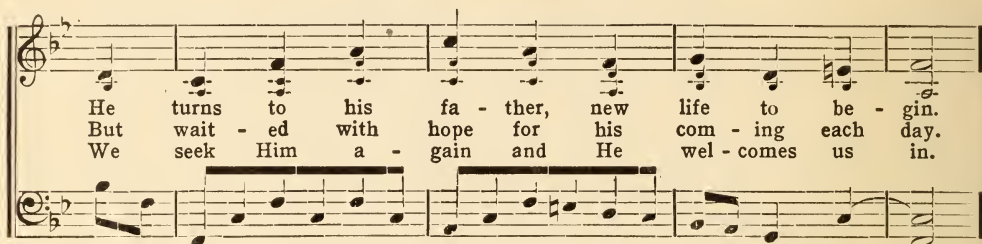
I. H. MEREDITH.

1. The prod - i - gal wan - dered a - far from his home,
 2. The prod - i - gal turned from his dear ones a - part,
 3. Like prod - i - gals all, we have chos - en to stray,

Through coun - tries un - tried he had chos - en to roam,
 But ten - der and true was that kind, lov - ing heart
 We've turned from the heart of our Fa - ther a - way,

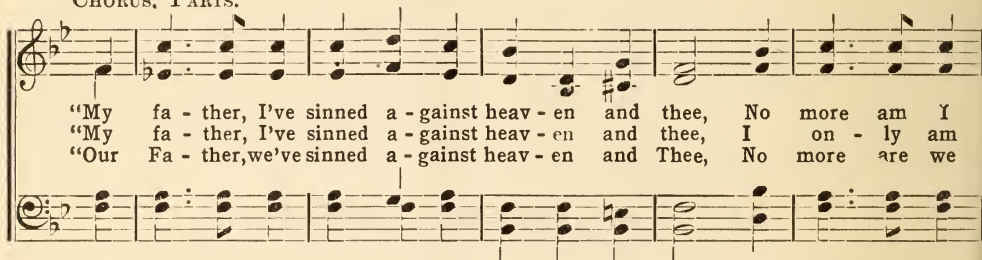


Till wea - ry and worn with his bur - den of sin,
 That grieved for the one that had chos - en to stray,
 Till wea - ry and worn with the weight of our sin,

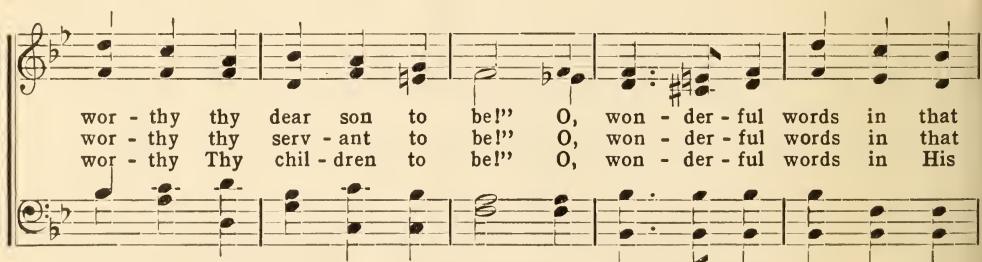


He turns to his fa - ther, new life to be - gin.
 But wait - ed with hope for his com - ing each day.
 We seek Him a - gain and He wel - comes us in.

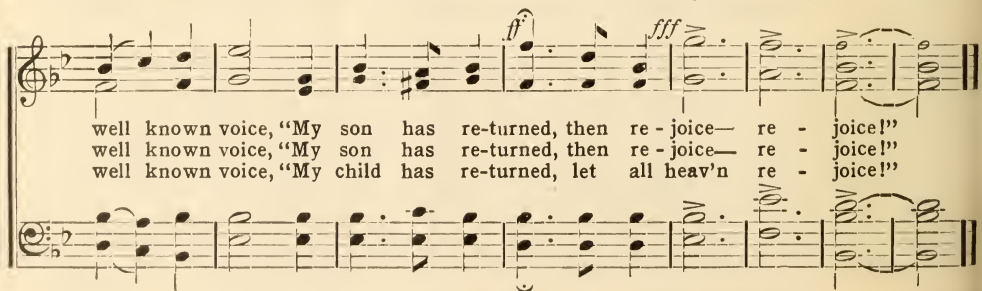
CHORUS, PARTS.



"My fa - ther, I've sinned a - gainst heav - en and thee, No more am I
 "My fa - ther, I've sinned a - gainst heav - en and thee, I on - ly am
 "Our Fa - ther, we've sinned a - gainst heav - en and Thee, No more are we



wor - thy thy dear son to be!" O, won - der - ful words in that
 wor - thy thy serv - ant to be!" O, won - der - ful words in that
 wor - thy Thy chil - dren to be!" O, won - der - ful words in His



well known voice, "My son has re - turned, then re - joice— re - joice!"
 well known voice, "My son has re - turned, then re - joice— re - joice!"
 well known voice, "My child has re - turned, let all heav'n re - joice!"

The Sabbath Day in the Moody home was one of rest and quiet. The children must go to the sanctuary. This habit was formed in young Dwight's life in such a way that he thanked God to his dying day for the early custom of church going. In the quiet Sabbath eventide, the mother would gather her children around her, and read to them the story of God's love, of Christ's mercy, and the beautiful home on high. During these years ambitions began to form themselves in Dwight's young life to be something and somebody in this world. His mother's brothers came to spend Thanksgiving Day at East Northfield, and Dwight said to his uncles: "I want to go to Boston." They paid no attention to him, but in his quiet hours he had made up his mind that if he had to walk every inch of the hundred miles, he was going to Boston. So bidding good-bye to his mother he started out. On reaching there his days were full of suffering. In after years, when he was swaying tens of thousands in that city he said, "I remember how I walked up and down the streets trying to get a situation, and I recollect how, when they answered me roughly, their treatment would chill my blood. But when someone would say, "I feel for you; I would like to help you, but I can't; you'll be all right soon," I went away

happy and light-hearted. For about two days I had the feeling that no one wanted me. I've never had it since, and I never want to have it again. It seems to me that must have been the feeling of the Son of God when he was down here. They did not want him."

Toward the end of the week when he felt himself almost adrift, he went to an uncle, Mr. Holton, and was offered a position in his store on the condition that he would not want to run the business, and would go to Church and Sunday School, and do nothing that he would be ashamed to tell his mother. Dwight decided on the spot. On the Sabbath he was found in Church and Sunday School, and from the very beginning his uncle found him a skilled business youth, with the quality of courtesy. Mr. Kimbell, his Sunday School teacher, saw in this country youth certain qualities of value, that if turned in the right direction would be sources of power in his own life and to many others. He made up his mind to ask young Moody to surrender his life to the service of Christ. One day Mr. Kimbell, in going down Court Street, Boston, saw Dwight in the back of the store tying up a pair of shoes. The boy was alone. He went to him, and asked him to yield his heart to the Saviour while it was young and tender, which he did there and then.

THINE I AM.

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JOHN BURTON.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

ALTO AND TENOR DUET.

1. Sa - viour, while my heart is ten - der, I would yield that heart to Thee;
 2. Take me now, Lord Je - sus, take me, Let my heart be ful - ly Thine;
 3. Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me, On - ly do Thou guide my way;
 4. Let me do Thy will or bear it, I would know no will but Thine;

All my pow'rs to Thee sur - ren - der, Thine, and on - ly Thine, to be.
 Thy de - vot - ed serv - ant make me, Fill my soul with love di - vine.
 May Thy grace thro' life at - tend me, Glad - ly then shall I o - bey.
 Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it, I that life to Thee re - sign.

CHORUS.

Thine I am, O Lord, for - ev - er, To Thy serv - ice set a - part;

rit.
 Suf - fer me to leave Thee nev - er, Seal Thine im - age on my heart.

This moment of decision became the turning point of his whole life. He went to the Bible with a hunger for spiritual food, and a thirst which was satisfied only in drinking deeply from the rivers of God. Truly it can be said of Mr. Moody, he was a man of one Book. While he read other books, and received from them enlightenment and inspiration, it was the Bible which was the secret and source of his power. He caught the real spirit-life of the sacred Scriptures, and proclaimed its truths as the only hope for sin-stained souls.

Success attended his business capacity in his uncle's store in Boston. His industry, diligence, and keen knowledge of people won him many friends. He was thrifty. After sending a certain amount each week to his mother, he had saved quite a little sum. One day, looking at this amount which he had saved, he was convinced that he could

make greater headway in the city of Chicago. The first Sabbath in that western city, he went to the house of God. While there, he was desirous of teaching in the Sunday School, but when he sought a class he was told several times there were none lacking a teacher, so he went out into the streets, and gathered a group of young urchins and brought them to the Sabbath School, where he began to teach them the story of Christ Jesus. Then he took a pew in the Church and brought young men unaccustomed to attend divine worship and filled the pew. Later he paid for four pews, and filled them with young men. He became deeply interested in the poor, and rented an old saloon for a Sunday School room, in the immediate neighborhood of two hundred saloons and gambling dens. His love for the poor was a passion. By

a dim candle light he would sit and tell the story of the prodigal to the poorest of people. Soon the Sunday School out-grew the saloon room, and was held in a hall where a thousand persons

gathered to hear the word of God expounded. For six years he continued to do this work, even sweeping and making ready the room for the comfort of the poor.

ON THE HIGHWAYS.

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EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

Hum.

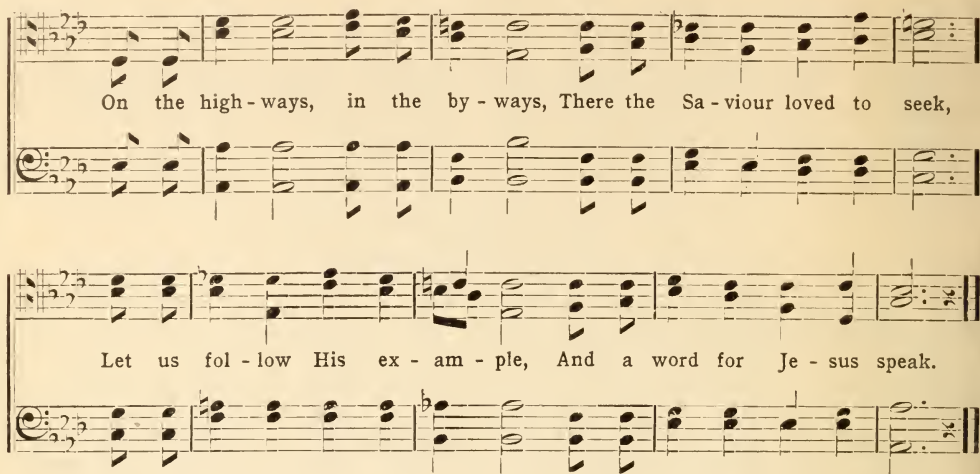
I. H. MEREDITH.

1. There are man - y souls a - round us, Know - ing not God's bless - ed Word,
2. To the poor and to the need - y, Who may be "of these the least,"
3. Share our boun - ty with these oth - ers, And for us His Word shall be,
Hum.

Cheer - less homes and streets sur - round us Where His name is nev - er heard.
Let us go with suc - cor speed - y, Let us spread the gos - pel feast.
"What ye've done for these, my Broth - ers, Ye have done it un - to Me."

CHORUS.

On the high - ways, in the by - ways; There our broth - ers we shall find,
Those so oft - en passed un - heed - ed When by for - tune left be - hind.



When Moody was twenty-three years old, his business methods had won him hundreds of friends, and by economy he had saved quite a sum of money. He was now seriously considering the wisdom of giving up his business, and devoting his entire time to the service of saving souls. He was led to the decision by the following story:

"In the Sunday School I had a pale, delicate young man as one of the teachers. I knew his burning piety, and assigned him to the worst class in the school. They were all girls, and it was an awful class. They kept gadding around in the school-room, and were laughing and carrying on all the time. One Sunday he was absent, and I tried myself to teach the class, but couldn't do anything with them, they seemed farther off than ever from any concern about their souls. Well, the day after his absence, early Monday morning, the young man came into the store where I worked, and tottering and bloodless, threw himself on some boxes.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I have been bleeding at the lungs, and they have given me up to die," he said.

"But you are not afraid to die?" I questioned.

"No," said he, I not afraid to die; but I have to stand before God and

give an account of my stewardship, and not one of my Sabbath School scholars has been brought to Jesus. I have failed to bring one, and haven't any strength to do it now."

"He was so weighed down that I got a carriage and took that dying man in it, and we called at the home of every one of his scholars, and to each one he said, as best his faint voice would let him, 'I have come to just ask you to come to the Saviour,' and then he prayed as I never heard him before. And for ten days he labored in that way, sometimes walking to the nearest houses. And at the end of that ten days, every one of that large class had yielded to the Saviour.

"Full well I remember the night before he went away (for the doctors said he must hurry to the South); how we held a true love-feast. It was the very gate of heaven, that meeting. He prayed, and they prayed; he didn't ask them, he didn't think they could pray; and then we sang, 'Blest be the tie that binds.' It was a beautiful night in June that he left on the Michigan Southern, and I was down at the train to help him off. And those girls every one gathered there again, all unknown to each other; and the depot seemed a second gate to heaven, in the joyful, yet tearful, communion and farewells be-

tween those newly-redeemed souls and him whose crown of rejoicing it will be that he led them to Jesus. At last the gong sounded and, supported on the platform, the dying man shook hands

with each one, and whispered, 'I will meet you yonder.'

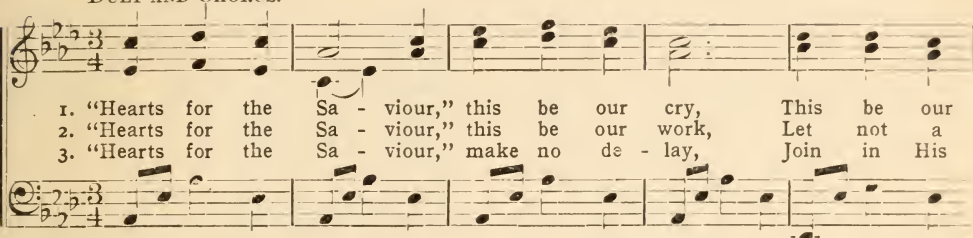
"From this," says Mr. Moody, "I got the first impulse to work solely for the conversion of men."

HEARTS FOR THE SAVIOUR.

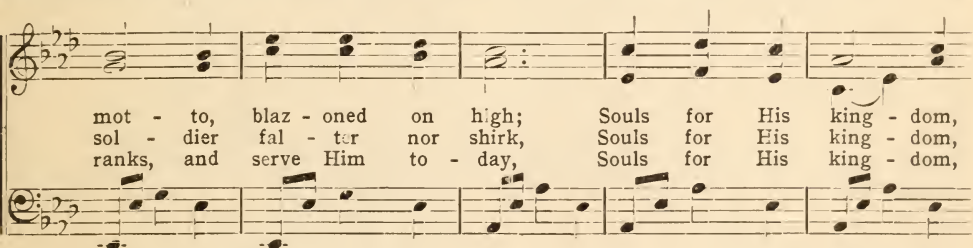
EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.
DUET AND CHORUS.

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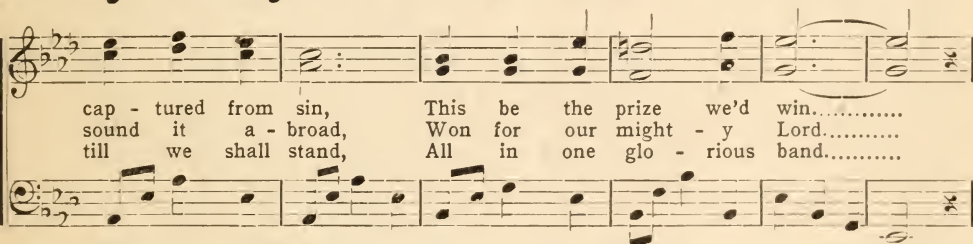
I. H. MEREDITH.



1. "Hearts for the Sa - viour," this be our cry, This be our
2. "Hearts for the Sa - viour," this be our work, Let not a
3. "Hearts for the Sa - viour," make no de - lay, Join in His

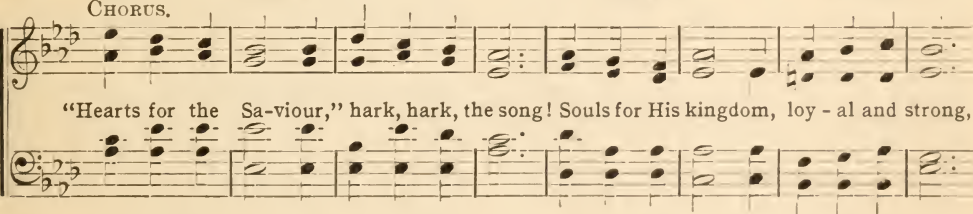


mot - to, blaz - oned on high; Souls for His king - dom,
sol - dier fal - ter nor shirk, Souls for His king - dom,
ranks, and serve Him to - day, Souls for His king - dom,

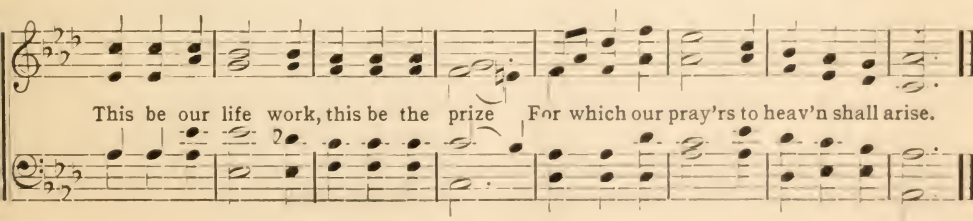


cap - tured from sin, This be the prize we'd win.....
sound it a - broad, Won for our might - y Lord.....
till we shall stand, All in one glo - rious band.....

CHORUS.



"Hearts for the Sa-viour," hark, hark, the song! Souls for His kingdom, loy - al and strong,



This be our life work, this be the prize For which our pray'rs to heav'n shall arise.

On retiring from business his employer asked him who would provide for him. Mr. Moody replied, "God will provide for me if he wishes to keep me on, and I shall keep on until I am obliged to stop." He had turned his attention from the making of money to the redemption of men. To keep down his expenses in this work, he slept at night on a bench in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, and lived on the plainest food. Those having in charge the Christian work among the poor in the city of Chicago appointed Mr. Moody as the City Missionary. About this time the dark clouds of war began to spread over the face of this sun-lit land; camps were established in Chicago, and Mr. Moody went from tent to tent, reading to the men from the Sacred Book and praying with them before they left to face the foe. He labored night and day with untiring zeal to bring a bit of the Word of the Eternal God into the lives of these men who were going to the front, many of them never to return.

While he did not feel it his duty to shoot down his fellow beings, he was willing to go on the battle field to nurse the suffering and to break to them the Bread of Life. He was with the Army at Pittsburgh Landing, Shiloh, Chattanooga, and Murfreesboro. It was at Murfreesboro, where the battle raged for five days, that Mr. Moody was God's evangel, going today with the North, and tomorrow with the South, cheering up the men all along the line. Mr. Moody tells this story concerning one of the men in the hospital at this place: "One night after midnight, I was awakened and told there was a man in one of the wards who wanted to see me. I went to him, and he called me 'Chaplain' (I wasn't a chaplain), and he said he wanted me to help him die. And I said, 'I'd take you right up in my arms and carry you into the kingdom of God

if I could, but I can't do it; I can't help you to die.'

"And he said, 'Who can?'

"I said, 'The Lord Jesus Christ can. He came for that purpose.' He shook his head and said, 'He can't save me; I have sinned all my life.'

"And I said, 'But he came to save sinners.' I thought of his mother in the North, and I knew that she was anxious that he should die right, and I thought I'd stay with him. I prayed two or three times, and repeated all the promises I could; I knew that in a few hours he would be gone. I said I wanted to read him a conversation that Christ had with a man who was anxious about his soul. I turned to the third chapter of John. His eyes were riveted on me, and when I came to the fourteenth and fifteenth verses, he caught up the words, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.'

"He stopped me, and said, 'Is that there?' I said, 'Yes,' and he asked me to read it again, and I did so. He leaned his elbows on the cot and clasped his hands together, and said, 'That's good; won't you read it again?' I read it the third time, and then went on with the rest of the chapter. When I finished his eyes were closed, his hands were folded, and there was a smile on his face. Oh, how it was lit up! What a change had come over it. I saw his lips quiver, and I leaned over him, and heard in a faint whisper, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.'

"He opened his eyes and said, 'That's enough; don't read any more.' He lingered a few hours, and then pillowed his head on those two verses, and fell asleep in Christ."

EXCEPT A MAN BE BORN AGAIN.

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J. W. LERMAN.

Andante moderato. 72. *mf* SOLO.

Ex - cept a man be born a - gain he

can - not see the King-dom of God, *mf* Ex - cept a man be

born of the Spir - it he can - not en - ter the King-dom of God. *f*

Ped. *Senzu Ped.*

S: mf CHORUS. *cres.* *f*

As Mo-ses lift-ed up, lift-ed up, lift-ed up the ser-pent in the wil-der-ness,

S: mf *cres.* *f*

man be lift-ed up That who-so-ev-er,

p *cres.* *f* *f*

e-ven so, must the Son of man be lift-ed up That who-so-

p *cres.* *f* *f*

That who-so-ev-er, should not per-ish,

cres. *ff* *rit.* 1 2 FINE.

ev-er be-liev-eth in Him should not perish, but have ev-er-last-ing life. life.

cres. *ff* *rit.* FINE.

Solo.

f

And I, if I be lift - ed up,.....

f

ff

And I, if I be lift - ed up,.....

ff

rit. e dim.

D.S. al Fine. f

Will draw all men, will draw all men un - to me, un - to me.

rit. e dim.

f

D.S. al Fine

There was a woman at this time who was deeply interested in improving the condition of the poor, and in instructing boys and girls in sobriety and Christian faith. She was a most devout soul, and Mr. Moody knew that she was just the woman to make him a wife of untold worth, so on the 28th day of August 1862, Mr. Moody married Miss Emma C. Revell, who became a most devoted wife, down to the day of his death. Five years after his wedding Moody made a brief visit to England,

for the sole purpose of studying the notable men of that country. He met Spurgeon and George Muller, and returned home with the determination that if he could find someone who was gifted as a singer he would enter into a life of evangelistic work. A few years afterwards at a Sunday School Convention in Indianapolis he found the man he was looking for in Ira D. Sankey, a man to whom God had given the gift of swaying the multitudes by sacred song. They entered into

work together in Chicago, until the great fire in 1871, when everything that Mr. Moody possessed was destroyed, except his family, his Bible, and his reputation.

Mr. Moody had met in Ireland Henry Moorhouse, who was anxious to preach for Mr. Moody in Chicago. This man arrived in Chicago when Mr. Moody was away and preached two sermons founded on John 3:16. On Mr. Moody's return, Mrs. Moody said "I think you will like him, although he preaches a little differently from you. He tells the worst sinners that God loves them." On the next Sunday Mr. Moody noticed every person had brought a Bible to Church. In the evening the place was thronged to hear Mr. Moorhouse, and his text again was, John 3:16. He

preached a most wonderful sermon. Mr. Moody was unable to keep back the tears. It was like news from a new country. For seven nights Mr. Moorhouse preached from the text John 3:16, and the last night he concluded with these words: "My friends, for a whole week I have been trying to tell you how much God loves you, but I cannot do it with 'this poor stammering tongue.' If I could borrow Jacob's ladder and climb up into Heaven, and ask Gabriel, who stands in the presence of the Almighty, to tell me how much love the Father has for the world, all he could say would be, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.

JOHN 3:16.

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FRED W. PEACE.

Andante con espressione.



QUARTET OR SEMI-CHORUS.



liev-eth, be - liev-eth in Him should not per-ish, should not

mf *cres.*

should not per-ish, should not

f *mp* *rall.* *mf*

per-ish, should not per-ish but..... have ev-er-last-ing life.

should not

p CHORUS. *a tempo.* *p*

God so lov'd the world that He gave His on-ly be-got-ten Son Je - sus

p *a tempo.* *p*

ppp *rall.* *mf* *a tempo.*

Christ, Je - sus Christ that who-so-ev-er be-liev-eth, be - liev-eth in

ppp *rall.* *mf* *a tempo.*

f *cres.* *ff* *mp* but..... have

Him should not per-ish, should not per-ish, should not per-ish but have ev-er -

should not should not should not

f *cres.* *ff* *mp*

ev-er-last-ing life, ev-er-last-ing life.....

p *poco a poco rall. to end.* *pp* *dim.*

last-ing life, ev-er-lasting life, ev-er-last-ing life.....

p *poco a poco rall. to end.* *pp* *dim.* *ppp*

On June 17th, 1873, Mr. Moody with Mr. Sankey arrived at Liverpool. At first the out look was dark, but they began a work which was of such lasting value of souls in the saving that it was epoch making in the Christian faith. They began their work at York, con-

tinued it at Sunderland and Newcastle, visited Edinburgh and Glasgow, finishing up with four months work in London. George Adams Smith, one of the most notable scholars in Scotland, said, "In six months their mission was the strongest religious force in the

country; our people were stirred as they had not been since the days of Wesley and Whitfield."

The usual success of these two Americans across the Atlantic stirred many hearts in the United States. On their return a great work was accomplished in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Brooklyn, and most of the big cities

throughout the country were greatly awakened through the preaching of this man of Northfield. He had learned the art of winning souls and his passion by day and night was to turn men to a pardoning God. He had learned the secret of bringing souls to Jesus and was constantly urging his workers to go out and bring home the lost.


WINNING SOULS.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.


Prayerfully.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

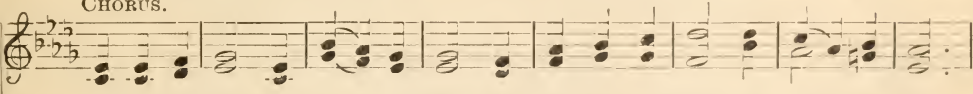


1. Let me so speak, that all who lis - ten, Hear Thy mes - sage in my voice;
2. Let me so teach, that ev - 'ry les - son Draws a soul more near to Thee,
3. Let me so strive, that by my ef - forts Pre - cious souls to Thee I bring;

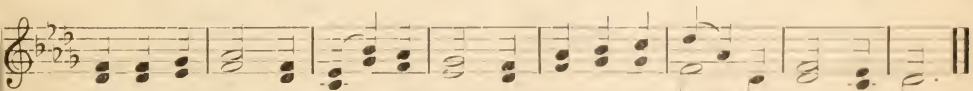


Let me so sing that all who hear me, Know how hearts in Thee re - joice.
Let me so act, that my ex - am - ple Speaks its word to all who see.
Let me so live, that ev - 'ry mo - ment Bears its wit - ness for my King.

CHORUS.



Let me not live for i - dle pleas - ure, Nor for the love of world - ly fame,



Let me in heav'n store up my treas - ure; Winning new hearts in Thy dear Name.

After Mr. Moody's great spiritual campaigns, into which he flung the vigor of his robust manhood, he would return to that restful bit of country among the hills, where he was born, to gather strength for greater work. While here, it mattered not how busy his day might be, there was always a moment to run in and see his mother, and bring a little sunshine into her life. When away from home he was constantly writing little messages to her. It happened that her birthday came on the same day as his own, and he never failed to send her a little greeting. When she was ninety-one years of age, he wrote her a letter full of gratitude to the Eternal God, that He had spared her so long to her family. One of the most pathetic and inspiring sights ever seen was when Dwight L. Moody stood beside his mother's lifeless body, with

his hand on the old family Bible, and poured out with deep feeling the thoughts of his heart concerning his precious, patient, God-fearing mother. He said: "It is a great honor to be the son of such a mother. My mother was a wise woman. In one sense she was wiser than Solomon: she knew how to bring up her children. She had nine children and they all loved their home. She could do anything with them. Whenever I wanted real sound council, I used to go to my mother. It's a great thing to have such a mother, and I feel like standing up here today to praise her. I want you to understand we do not mourn. We are proud we had such a mother. We have a wonderful legacy left us. When everything went against her this was her stay: 'My Trust is in God.'"

GOD IS MY REFUGE.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

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ADAPTED FROM RUBENSTEIN
I. H. MEREDITH.

Chor. 1. { God is my ref-uge, my for-tress is He, In Him I find there's safe-ty for
Strength for my weakness He gives day by day, Hold-eth my hand lest sad-ly I

2. { He is at all times my help-er di-vine, 'Round all my way His glo-ry doth
He giveth strength that shall ev-er a-vail, Trust-ing in Him my heart can-not

me; Fol-low-ing ev-er His pow'r I shall see— He will de-fend my
stray, Safe in His love I for-ev-er will stay— Faith-ful-ly watch and
shine: Naught can dis-cour-age or make me re-pine While I in Him a -
fail, O-ver my soul not a foe can pre-vail— In Him I safe-ly

1 2 FINE.

Instrument, way. pray. Ev - er His ban - ner a - bove me is
bide. hide. He will give glad - ness for sigh - ing and

FEMALE VOICES.

stream - ing - Ev - er His mer - cy all bright - ly is gleam - ing - God is my
sor - row - In Him is hope for a joy - ous to - mor - row - He will dis -

MALE VOICES. *rall*, D. C. for Chorus.

ref - uge, no foe need I fear, Since He is my shield, I will be of good cheer.
pel all my doubt and my fear - His strength will not fail, He will al - ways be near.

Mr. Moody had learned the value of an education, and to that end he founded the two great schools at Northfield, and inaugurated the Bible Institute at Chicago. Mr. Sankey describing the Institutions at Northfield and Mount Hermon, said: "Dwight L. Moody was the greatest and noblest man I have ever known; He will not only be remembered by his extended evangelistic work, but also for the two noble schools which he founded. These schools at Northfield and Mount Hermon, Massachusetts, originated in this way: One day about the year 1880, Mr. Moody drove up into the mountains near his mother's home. Stopping at a much dilapidated farmhouse, he hitched his horse to the fence and went in. The man of the family was sick in bed; the mother and two daughters were making straw hats, by which to support the family. Moody said to them:

"What are you going to do? This

old farm is all worn out and unable to maintain your family."

"The girls answered that if they could obtain an education in some way they might be able to earn money for the support of their parents.

"Well, let us pray about it," said Mr. Moody. After the prayer he gave them a little money, got in his carriage, and started back down the mountain to the village. I met him on his return, and he said to me, 'I have made up my mind to start a school for poor girls in New England. If you are willing, we will ask the committee which has charge of the royalty received on our hymn-books to devote the income from that source to start the erection of buildings. The first students in the school were the poor girls who were making the straw hats. These noble Institutions will perpetuate the name of Dwight L. Moody forever."

A HELPING HAND.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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I. H. MEREDITH.

1. A help - ing hand to some - one, up - on a wear - y road, And
 2. A help - ing hand to some - one who strug - gles in the dark, And
 3. A help - ing hand to some - one, stretch'd out up - on the way, 'Twas

sud - den - ly the path grows smooth and plain, A help - ing hand to some -
 soon there shines the gleam of friend - ly light, A help - ing hand to some -
 thus our Sav - ious walk'd this world be - low, A help - ing hand to some -

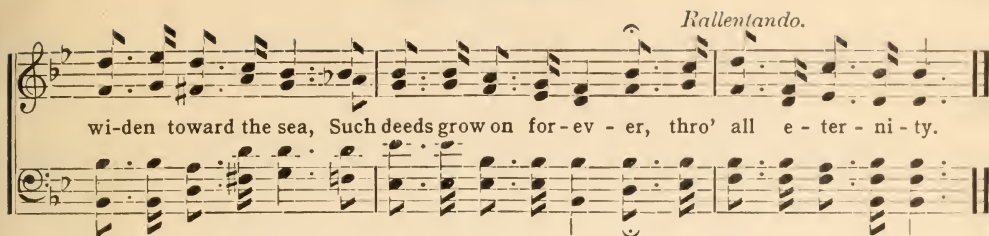
one who bears a heav - y load, Till lips sing praise for rest from toil and strain.
 one, a touch that seems a spark Sent down from Heav'n to make the world grow bright.
 one, for - get it not each day, 'Tis thus that He would have His chil - dren go.

CHORUS.

"A help - ing hand to some - one"—O, keep a watch - ful eye, Lest in our dai - ly

er - rands We blind - ly hur - ry by; Like rip - ples in the wa - ters that

Rallentando.



wi-den toward the sea, Such deeds grow on for-ev-er, thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.

Mr. Moody visited the Holy Land, preached on Mount Calvary, sailed over the sea of Galilee, felt the cool breath of the breezes of snowy Hermon, and drew inspiration and enthusiasm from the sacred memories of Mount Olivet. On his return to England he was in the best of spirits and very anxious to reach home. He set sail on the Steamship "Spree" from Southampton. On the third day out he was startled by a terrible crash and shock, as if the vessel had been driven on a rock. The shaft of the vessel was broken. The water began to flood the compartments. For two days the ship drifted in a helpless condition. The pumps were almost useless. The sea was so heavy that it was impossible to lower the life-boats. Rockets flamed the sky; no answer came. On Sunday morning Mr. Moody conducted a religious service. He read: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the

shadow of the Almighty." When he reached the verse; "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways," a new star of hope came into his life. After offering prayer his soul seemed to rest in the power of God as never before. In the evening he fell asleep. About three o'clock in the morning his son aroused him, "Father come on deck." He followed him, and here in the distance was a light, rising, and sinking in the sea. It was the messenger of safety the steamer "Lake Huron", which rescued them. When he reached home joy unspeakable filled the hearts of his family, and the boys and girls of the Institutions, whom he had given his life and his money to educate, came to the station to meet him with torch-lights and a band of music, and sang praises to God for the deliverance of their Chief from the perils of the sea.

HE THAT DWELLETH.

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J. W. LERMAN.

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 112.



He that dwell-eth in the

se-cret place of the Most High,..... Shall a-bide un-der the shad-ow of the Al-

I will say..... of the Lord.....

might - y, I will say of the Lord He is my

ref-uge and my for-tress, My God, in Him will I

ref-uge and my for-tress, My God, in Him will I

ref-uge and my for-tress, My God, in Him will I

trust..... He shall cov-er thee with His feath-ers, And

trust.....

under His wings shalt thou trust, shalt thou trust. His truth shall be thy shield and buckler, His

truth shall be thy shield and buckler, There shall no e-vil be-fall,..... There

hands lest thou dash thy foot a-against a stone..... He that dwell-eth in the

se - cret place of the most High..... shall a - bide,..... shall a -

shall a - bide,

bide..... un-der the shad-ow of the Al-might-y. A - men.

shall a - bide

poco rit. *mf Andante,*

shall no e - vil be - fall,..... Nei-ther shall an - y plague come nigh thy

poco rit. *mf Andante,*

tempo I. f

dwel - ling; for He shall give His an - ge's charge o - ver thee to keep thee in

tempo I. f

ways.....

all thy all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their

In 1899 Mr. Moody was conducting services at Kansas City when his health began to break. He telegraphed to his family, "Doctor thinks I need a rest, am on my way home." After a brief illness of six weeks he woke one day and said: "Earth recedes; Heaven opens before me." The first impulse was, that it was a dream. He replied; "No, this is no dream. It is beautiful. If this be death it is sweet. There is no valley here. God is calling me, and I must go." Thus fell asleep, quietly and peacefully, one of the biggest, bravest men that this country or any other country has ever produced. His work was that of a Master Builder, who needed not to be ashamed, and his influence throughout

the world today is that of one who, "though dead, yet speaketh." How remarkable his words just before he entered on his last great work in Kansas City: "Some day you will read in the papers that D. L. Moody, of East Northfield, is dead. Don't you believe a word of it! At that moment I shall be more alive than I am now. I shall have gone up higher, that is all, out of this old clay tenement into a house that is immortal; a body that death cannot touch, that sin cannot taint, a body like unto His glorious body. I was born of the flesh in 1837. I was born of the Spirit in 1856. That which is born of the flesh may die. That which is born of the Spirit will live forever.

Mr. Moody had a number of favorite hymns during his life-time. His last great favorite was "Saved by Grace" which is here published. We print also "My Soul, be on Thy Guard," a hymn which he loved and one which he often quoted.

SAVED BY GRACE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE BIGLOW AND MAIN CO., NEW YORK.
USED BY PER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

SOLO OR DUET



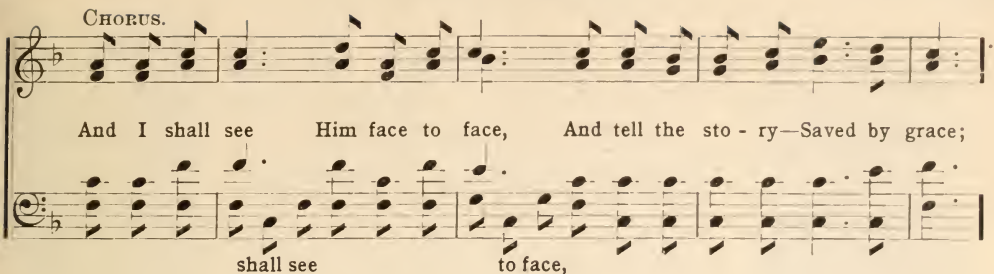
1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold - en sun Be - neath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burn - ing bright,



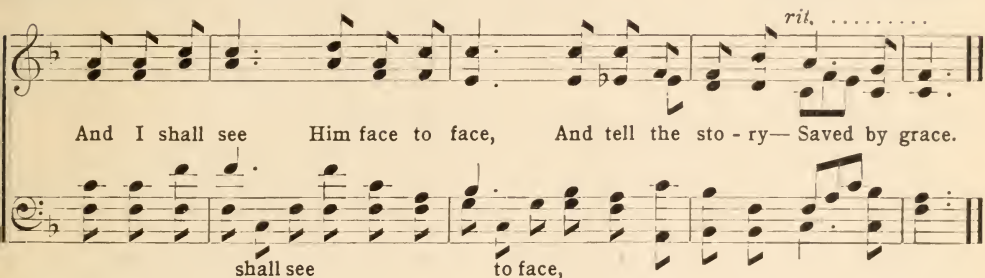
But, O, the joy when I shall wake With - in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless - ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sa - viour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



CHORUS.



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace;
shall see to face,



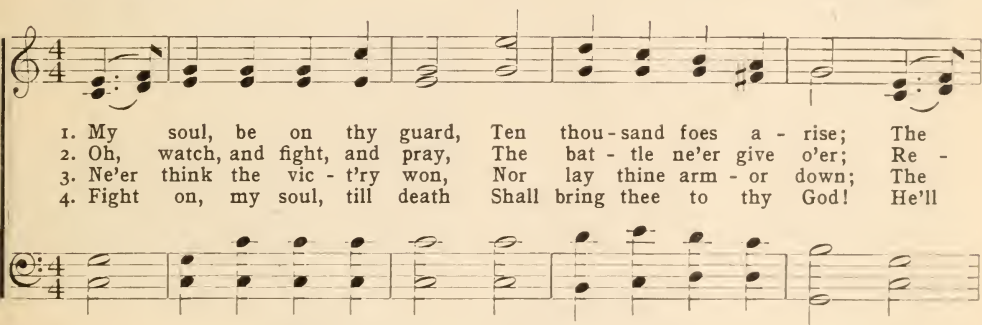
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace.
shall see to face,

MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

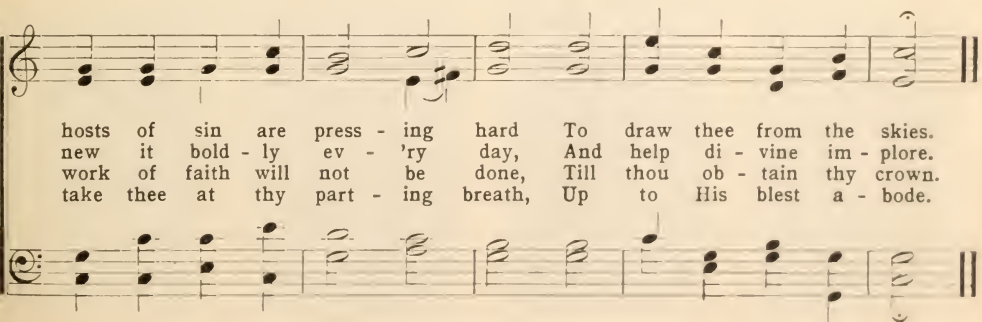
GEORGE HEATH.

LABAN.

LOWELL MASON.



1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou - sand foes a - rise; The
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re -
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine arm - or down; The
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God! He'll



hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
take thee at thy part - ing breath, Up to His blest a - bode.



Story and Song Series

A FASCINATING COLLECTION OF

SACRED MUSICAL SERVICES

The stories are instructive, entertaining and strongly devotional. The music in many of the services is of a good gospel hymn grade, making them usable where only amateur singers can be secured or where time for preparation is limited, while others of the series contain one or more good medium grade anthems, interspersed with the other grade of songs. Such services may be used effectively having a chorus of

young singers from the Sunday School or the entire school to render the songs, while the Church Choir, (quartette or chorus) renders the anthems.

They are equally appropriate for Sunday evening services in place of a sermon or for a midweek service or entertainment. They are easy to render but hard to forget; no staging, costuming or rehearsal of parts is required as is necessary in preparing a cantata. The Pastor or any good reader reads the story. As the reader reads the last sentence before the song or anthem the singers rise and render the musical number illustrating that part of the story just read and so on throughout the entire service. No additional opening or closing exercises are needed, the service being complete in itself.

To render successfully a Story and Song Service only copies enough are needed to supply the reader and one for each singer. Many Pastors plan to use a "Story and Song Service" one Sunday evening each month. They are marvellous in their power to attract and hold the people even on hot summer evenings.

Many Sunday School superintendents are learning to use these Story and Song Services at the festival seasons in place of the time-honored services and cantatas, which offer but little variety, while the burden of preparation is great.

Lantern slides can be secured for some of these services, thus bringing again into use the picture method of teaching and preaching which has been so effective in the past.

New ideas are being constantly worked out in this series, and new services are continually in course of preparation. The latest idea is shown in the "Biographical Series" listed below.

In the following list with which new titles will be added from time to time, may be found services suitable for the special occasions such as Christmas, Easter, Missionary or Temperance Rallies and Children's Day, as well as those for general use. Order by title.

BIOGRAPHICAL

Dwight L. Moody.
Fanny Crosby.

*The Missionary Hero of Labrador (Dr. Grenfell).

CHRISTMAS

*The Shepherd's Story.
*His Birthday.

EASTER

The Victor of Bozrah.
*Love Triumphant

CHILDREN'S DAY

*The Missionary Hero of Labrador.
Chalice of Perfume.

MOTHERS' DAY

Mothers of the Bible

TEMPERANCE

Buy your own Cherries.

GENERAL

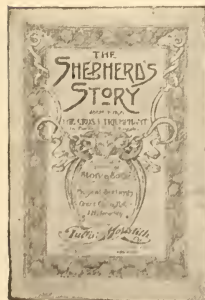
His Mother's Sermon.
Where Love is, There God is Also.
Saved at Sea.
The Story of the Pink Rose.
Whiter than Snow.
Little Daniel.
Pilgrim's Progress.
Probable Sons
Christie's Old Organ.

A * before the title indicates that an abridged (Sunday School) edition can be purchased, containing all the songs which would be used by the school and enough of the story to show where each song appears.

Thus for Christmas, Easter or Children's Day an appropriate Story and Song service can be selected and by securing enough copies of the COMPLETE EDITION to supply the reader with the story and the choir with the anthems, and enough copies of the abridged edition to supply the school, the service can be beautifully rendered by the combined school and choir at small expense.

Prices { Single copy 15 cents; per dozen \$1.50, postpaid. Per hundred \$10.00, not prepaid. \$4.35 per hundred, prepaid.
* Sunday School (abridged edition), \$4.00 per hundred, not prepaid. \$4.35 per hundred, prepaid.
50 or more, either edition, at the 100 rate; less than 50 copies, (abridged edition) 5 cents per copy, prepaid.

Returnable examination copy on request



Unsolicited Testimonials

You may be interested to know that we used the Story and Song service "*His Mother's Sermon*" last Sunday evening with even greater success, if that is possible, than "*Love Triumphant*" and the others we had previously used. A full house was held almost breathless through the entire service and full of expressions of delight at the close and since.

C. C. Luther, *Pastor Baptist Church,*
Somers Point, N. J.

We used the *Shepherd's Story* and were delighted with it. We have three weeks of revival effort beginning now and as soon as it closes we wish to use the *Pink Rose* or one of the other ones, and during the Winter and Spring we shall probably use most of the samples you sent me.

O. M. Thompson,
Edinboro, Pa.

Please send me one dozen of your *Pilgrim's Progress* in the Song and Story Series. I cannot tell you how delighted the people were with *Saved at Sea*, and we find that it is one of the most delightful ways of reaching the indifferent ones with the gospel truth.

Mrs. Flora V. Stebbins, (*Noted S. S. Worker*)
Lee, Maine

I have used all of your Story and Song Services except *Buy Your Own Cherries* and *His Mother's Sermon*. Those that I have had are very fine.

L. R. Danforth,
Claremont, N. H.

The *Shepherd's Story* touches a chord in my musical make up, rarely found in published services of song.

C. L. Weeks,
Truro, N. S., Canada

I have used your *Pink Rose* service, having given it in three different churches with the best of success, and desire to give some of the others. I just gave the *Pink Rose* service last night, on a warm night near the park, and had the house full.

Rev. A. J. Culler,
2541 W. Lehigh Ave., Phila., Pa.

The Story and Song number entitled "*The Missionary Hero of Labrador*" was given by the Christian Endeavor Society of the Brighton Congregational Church last evening at the Boston Seamen's Friend Society in their "Sailors' Rest" on Hanover St., as a bit of missionary and social service. It had been advertised on the ships in the harbor during the day and there was an enthusiastic gathering of about 210 people present. It is certainly a very interesting and a delightful service as well as being full of useful information regarding a man we all ought to know.

P. E. Everett,
56 Kirkland Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

Have had "*Whiter Than Snow*" rendered by a number of children. It made a "big hit" and we are to repeat it Sunday afternoon. If you have any other which is suitable for children please let me know.

Miss Annie F. Hayes,
511 East First St.,
Charlotte, N. Car.

The pastor and choir rendered "*Love Triumphant*" last evening to a large audience. Received many hearty words of commendation and requests that it be repeated another evening in the near future.

Rev. F. H. King,
Sidney Center,
New York

We have used *Story of the Pink Rose, Saved at Sea and Christie's Old Organ*, all with good success. It is a splendid way of telling the "old, old story of Jesus and His love".

J. M. Potter, Pastor,
Mechanic Falls, Maine

Last evening we rendered in place of our regular Sunday evening services, the first of the Story and Song series, the *Story of the Pink Rose*. I was greatly pleased with it as were all present. There is a large demand for more of the series.

Rev. Samuel W. Robinson,
Easton, Maine

The strains of *His Birthday* have hardly died away when we wake up to the fact that Easter is coming. Is it likely that you will have another service of Story and Song other than *Love Triumphant*? Kindly let me know. These services just suit my choir and also suit my congregation.

Rev. Chas. Herald,
392 Bainbridge St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I congratulate you on your combined song and picture service, *The Missionary Hero of Labrador*. We used this new combined service very recently. Our Junior Choir previously learned and rendered the music and it gave great satisfaction. Impressive and helpful as the service is when used without the Lantern Slides it has an added reality and effectiveness as by the aid of the pictures, one is able to see the man and his surroundings and watch the story move upon the screen. I consider the illustration of Dr. Grenfell's story a splendid venture on your part and hope you may decide to illustrate other services of the series later.

Rev. Henry F. Burdon,
Pastor Union Congregational Church,
Ludlow, Mass.

Accept a word of commendation for the excellent Story and Song Service entitled *His Mother's Sermon*, which our choir of 30 voices assisted by a reader gave on a recent Sunday evening. This form of presenting the gospel message certainly found a responsive chord in the hearts of a congregation which packed our auditorium to its fullest capacity, and the requests for its being repeated are too strong to be unheeded.

Ian MacLaren's beautiful story gains in effectiveness when illustrated and interspersed with these charming tunes which in both words and music are of unusual merit and value.

Charles H. Lowe,
Union Congregational Sunday School,
Medford, Mass.

Our Epworth League has used the leaflet "*Saved at Sea*" and we liked it very much. It was a very interesting meeting. If you have other services similar to this one, will you kindly let me know of them?

Helen A. Phillips,
Crown Point, N. Y.

I enclose a check for \$1.50 for which please send me 11 copies of your new Easter service entitled "*Love Triumphant*". The one you sent me as a sample I have and will keep, making the full dozen. The music is fine and the story is grand, and I anticipate a very profitable Easter service by its use.

E. A. Ottman,
Ancram, N. Y.

We gave *Where Love Is* last night, my class of girls (16) and male quartet. It was a success and pleased everyone. Sold 300 tickets. It was fine. We fixed up class room at an expense of \$70.00. Nothing finer in the city.

Geo. J. Stumpf,
290 Clinton St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The *Love Triumphant* service is certainly the finest of its kind we have ever had in our school. The congratulations we have received from members of the church and congregation have more than repaid us for the time spent in preparation. The entire exercise was a complete success.

G. L. Corliss,
Tonawanda, N. Y.

